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MARTIA ELIZABETH LISTENING FOR THE DRYAD

AT "THE NEEDLES"

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ROSEMARY PRESS BROCHURES

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STORIES for
MARTHA ELIZABETH

BY CHARLES DANA BURRAGE

A Reminiscence of Hon. John D. Long

A Story of a Revolution

The Princess in the Garden

Bear Stories:

The Polar Bear Story

The Grizzly Bear Story

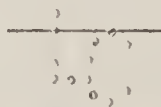
The Black Bear Story

The Havana Doll

The Dryad

The Rose and the Violet

The Story of the Leaf



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A REMINISCENCE OF HON. JOHN D. LONG

April 25, 1880, I returned from a brief visit to Boston, to the little country town where I was studying law. Although I had been away only from Saturday to Monday, I returned to a home of sorrow. The husband of my landlady had been struck down with pneumonia on Sunday morning, and was dead by Monday night. Realizing at once the seriousness of his illness he sent for an old-time "Squire," who for half a century had made deeds, wills, &c. for the community. When, however, the dying man asked to have a will drawn giving his little property to his wife (they were childless) the Squire not only objected forcibly, calling attention to the fact that in such case the property would undoubtedly go ultimately to the wife's family instead of the husband's, but finally persuaded him not to make any will at all.

As a matter of fact the only property left was a little one and a half story house and small plot of land, valued at \$4500. But it is quite likely that the wife had earned fully half of the savings represented in the home, for she had kept boarders for nearly thirty years, while he worked at the bench in the chair factory.

Under the law, as then known, there being no will, the widow was entitled to her dower only, that is the use for her life of one undivided third part, the title to the whole passing to the husband's brothers and sisters—who were all wealthy. Imagine the poor widow trying to live and pay two-thirds of the rent for her own home! The injustice of the situation was so clear, that in very shame the brothers and sisters impulsively offered to release the home outright to the widow, whose need was great. So our law office was called upon to draft a deed to the widow. Unfortunately one of the brothers lived in Kansas, with the result that when the deed was returned duly signed by the Kansan, the other heirs had experienced a change of heart, and decided that it would be quite sufficient if they deeded the widow a life estate in the house, letting it then revert to them. So we prepared a new deed giving

the widow an estate for her life, instead of in fee. After some two weeks further time, this deed came back from Kansas duly signed, only to be met with this new and final decision from the heirs, "that after all it was about as well to let the property go according to law." So the rich brothers and sisters declined to sign any deed, and the widow was left helpless, save for a multitude of warm hearted friends. At this crisis, however, we heard of a new law passed by the Massachusetts Legislature, as follows:

Chapter 211, Acts of 1880.

Sec. 1. Whenever any person shall die intestate, without issue living, and shall leave a husband or wife surviving, such husband or wife shall take in fee the real estate of such deceased to an amount not exceeding five thousand dollars in value.

Sec. 5. This act shall take effect upon its passage.

Approved April 22, 1880.

Note that Governor Long hastened to sign this act as soon as it reached him, for he was in full harmony with its purpose, being a life-long champion of woman. He told the writer of his pleasure in signing this act and of his own earnest belief in its justice.

Note that by a somewhat unusual provision this act took effect on its *passage*—instead of in 30 days.

Note that the date of signing is April 22 and that the husband died on April 25, therefore under the terms of this act the *widow* took title in fee to the whole of the property and the brothers and sisters received nothing.

A STORY OF A REVOLUTION

Its Quick Beginning and Its Sudden End Lisbon in 1917

My friend Foote (Frederick W.), who expects soon to sail for Africa with his bride of a few months, was aroused to unusual interest today at lunch at the "Chile Corner" table, when I remarked to Montgomery Reed that he ought to ask Foote for his experience during the war with young revolutions in Portugal. Foote instantly responded, telling most effectively how one day in Lisbon he saw a revolution born. He (a lieutenant in the Navy with his ship on foreign service) was sitting with a friend on a hotel balcony over the main street near a square. A little way off across the street was a café filled with customers, and directly opposite was a National Guardsman, with loaded rifle on shoulder, tramping his tour of duty, other guardsmen being at their stations at the several corners of the square, for the city was under martial law. The very air was vibrant with suppressed emotion, stern repression everywhere evident. An automobile came slowly down the street, and when opposite the café one of its tires blew out with a loud explosion. Instantly the Guardsman, thinking he had been fired upon, turned, raised his rifle and shot the man in the car dead.

The crowd in the café saw the whole, and in a wild rage of protest inspired by love of rough justice poured out upon the sidewalk, seized the soldier and soon tore him limb from limb. The confusion attracted the other guardsmen who came on the run, and of course drew the usual crowd. Instantly the street was filled with a wild mob fighting savagely, arms flying, voices shouting, figures wildly jumping up and down, the soldiers firing, the mob answering. A revolution of angry protest against Government authority, as represented by the military, was born. The noise swelled to a roar that reached the monastery on the hill above the city; a priest seized a rope and rang the warning bell, at whose

sound every one was required to drop whatever he was doing, face to the sacred building and say a prayer. At the first sound of the bell every one in the street instantly stopped, faced the hill and murmured a prayer, then—began fighting again.

Foote and his friend deemed their place as safe as any, perhaps safer than to go inside, so they remained as passive spectators.

The clamor sounded out over the harbor and a young Lieutenant, commanding a Government gunboat, decided to take a hand. So he fired a shell, that with marvelous precision passed directly over the heads of the mob, entered the café and exploded against the solid rear wall. As if from a crater, everything movable in the place came pouring out into the street, a vast upheaval of chairs, tables, crockery. The crowd took the hint, and dissolved, leaving some thirty or more dead bodies lying in the street.

The revolution was over.

THE PRINCESS IN THE GARDEN

A Story for Martha Elizabeth

Once upon a time a little girl, about three years old, stopped to look through a high fence at a war garden, for standing by a row of potato vines she saw a beautiful woman, with long hair through which the sun shone so that it looked like fairy gold. And the brightness of the locks of gold rivalled the brilliancy of the sunshine. And the little girl looking through the fence wondered greatly as she gazed at the beautiful woman, and admired the glory of her hair, for her own hair was like that of the woman, a golden crown of glory on her head. The little girl knew all about war gardens and why they were planted, for she had a little war garden of her own, which she had begged from her soldier father to help the poor orphan children of France and Belgium—for in these days of 1918, the closing days of the dreadful world-war, she had so felt and sympathized with the tortures and sufferings of the children of the conquered, that she willingly refrained from eating her favorite candy so as to save sugar.

The little girl stood a long time at the fence, resting her head against her arms held above it, looking between the pickets at the beautiful woman with the hair of gold as she worked in the garden. The woman dug around the potatoes, and hoed the rows of corn, and lifted up a long runner from the squash vine to look at the little yellow squashes just forming. She saw the little girl looking through the fence and called to her to go to the gate and come in to the garden. So the little girl squeezed through the narrow opening by the gate and went over to the beautiful woman with the sunshiny hair and looked shyly up into her face, smiling and glad. The woman showed the little girl all the wonders of the garden, how the beans climbed the poles into the air, just as if Jack

of the Beanstalk were following close behind, and how the squash vines ran far along the ground seeking soft beds for their golden fruit. The little girl listened and wondered while she heard the story of the war garden, and how it was started. For the eyes of the golden haired woman glistened with unshed tears as she told how the cruel wicked war came suddenly to the little Belgian town where she was living so happily with her family. The soldiers came and burned the town and all the people went away, many of them into distant countries. Her father was killed, her mother died, her sisters were carried away. So the beautiful woman hid herself in an old barn cellar, deep down in a corner, where the side of the barn in falling rested partly on the wall, making a little cubby-hole. She had nothing to eat, and not enough clothes to keep her warm, her golden hair came down, hanging loosely over her shoulders, her eyes were red with crying, and she sobbed herself to sleep. She was all alone in the darkness, this beautiful woman who had been called by her friends who loved her the "Princess," for she was so lovely, so good, and so generous.

And now what do you suppose happened? The Princess woke up suddenly to find the sun shining right through the cracks in the roof of her tiny house, and a young man was standing near by looking right at her! She jumped to her feet and the sunshine poured through her waving hair turning it into ripples of old gold, a frame of glory around her sweet face. Do you wonder that the young man fell to his knees before her, saying, "O beautiful Princess from Heaven, with celestial glories bright upon you, tell me how I may also gain the immortal joys of companionship with you in your abode beyond the skies. Accept my homage and my devotion, O glorious and wonderful spirit of beauty, for I would kneel before you forever in adoration."

Then the Princess smiled and said, "O gallant and generous youth, your fancies mislead you, for I am mortal and do not dwell among the clouds. I am a Belgian, struck down by the woes of this cruel war, my home is burned, my family scattered and fallen, this my only refuge. Who are you, and what do you here in this ruin?" So the young man told her he was a Belgian soldier, and was fighting for his King. He gave her food, he brought fresh water to her that she might bathe her face and hands, he went through the village and found some clothes for her that she might

be warm. Then the soldier led the Princess away from the village to an old ruined castle tower on a high hill. In the top of the tower was a small room. The roof was broken so the rain dripped on the floor in stormy weather, there were no windows, only great holes through the walls. But the soldier brought up some branches from a fir tree and laid them in the corner where the rain couldn't reach them, making a soft, clean, fresh bed for the Princess. Then he found an old piece of a carriage top, and hung it up for a curtain across the corner, so the Princess had a little room all to herself.

Then what do you suppose happened? All at once they heard voices calling, and looking out they saw some German soldiers near the foot of the tower building a fire under a tree. So the soldier whispered to the Princess to keep very quiet and still, putting his finger on his lips. Then the soldier crept softly down the broken steps of the old tower, leaving the Princess in the little corner of the tower room. He crept out into the shadow of the high tower and listened to the Germans talking, telling what they had done in the village and how they had driven everybody away and burned the houses. Then all at once one of the soldiers said, "I think I will go up to the top of the tower to look over the country. Wait here for me." The Belgian soldier knew that if the German soldier did go up the tower he would find and carry away the Princess.

So he crept away from the tower into the bushes, and then turned around and fired his gun right at the Germans, and ran as hard as he could away from the tower down the hill to the river. The Germans ran after him, which was just what he wanted. So he ran swiftly, jumping over fallen trees on the bank of the river until he came to a high bank, when he ran down close to the water's edge, and looked up and down the river until he saw a log floating. Then he went right into the water, and swam out to the log and put his head close to the log and only just out of the water, floating down the river with the log. The Germans came running to the river, hunting everywhere for him, but they couldn't see him, because he was on the other side of the log. Bye and bye the log stopped under some bushes on the bank, and he saw a hole running right under the bushes. So he crawled into the hole and found it opened into a big cave. Then he went back into the cave

and looked into every part, for only a little light came in and he couldn't see very well. All at once he saw, way back in the rear of the cave, two shining eyes glaring at him out of the darkness! He tried to turn back, but the wild animal thought he was going to attack it, so it jumped straight at the soldier. The soldier only had a moment to draw out his big knife when the great animal struck him and almost knocked him over! He fought and finally killed it with his knife, and dragged it out to the light where he could see what it was. What do you suppose he found it to be? Well, it was a great big dog, so big he thought at first it was a bear! It was a great Russian dog, brought into Belgium by the Germans, and he had run away and was living in the cave all by himself.

Then the soldier dried his clothes and waded out into the river, and found the Germans had gone away because the soldier had frightened them. So he went back to the tower and told the Princess all about the cave, and she said she wanted to see it. They went very carefully and quietly down the long flight of broken, crumbling steps of the tower out into the darkness of the night. The Princess was very brave, but the night was dark, there was no moon, and when she crawled into the cave she put her hand right down onto something that was alive and squirming, and she almost screamed out. But she knew in a moment that it was only a tiny little mouse! Then the Princess crept back into a corner of the cave and found a place covered with sand, so she lay down and slept for hours and hours while the soldier kept guard by the entrance. When morning came and the sun peeked through the bushes into the back part of the cave, the sunshine touched the face and hair of the sleeping Princess, lighting the golden curls until the soldier thought the face was that of the Madonna. Just then the Princess woke up to find the sun shining straight into her eyes. To the soldier they looked as radiant and bright as the stars in the heavens above! She put her hand up to her head to push back the mass of her hair, and as she threw her head back she saw the gleam of something bright in the sand just before her. She reached over and picked it up and it was a great dagger of gold, with beautiful stones set in its hilt, diamonds, rubies and sapphires of every hue, and all chased and carved into beautiful figures. The Princess called to the soldier, who came running very fast when he heard her voice, and showed him the dagger in all

its wondrous beauty. He marvelled greatly at her discovery, and going to the pile of sand dug down into it with a piece of sharpened wood that he found on the floor of the cave. In a moment he found several beautiful rings, and then great dishes and vases of silver and gold; long heavy chains of gold and precious stones; bracelets of every kind; all kinds of jewels and great bars of gold, filling a pit in the sand. He was so astonished at finding so great a treasure that at first he was overwhelmed, then re-examined the jewels more carefully and saw they were very old, so that it was probably some robber's hoard of centuries ago, forgotten and buried under the drifting sand, the property of the chance finder of the moment.

The soldier and the Princess talked over what the finding of the great treasure meant to them. The soldier said the Princess must take some of the jewels and go away, perhaps across the seas to America where she would be safe and would wait for him to come to her when the war was over. They picked out some of the rings and chains of gold, and buried all the rest deep down in the sand again, and crept quietly out of the cave and started for France, for she wanted to go to Paris to sell the jewels there. And as they walked along through the fields, seeing the ruined homes on every side, they hid behind trees and bushes so the Germans wouldn't see them. They hid in cellars and behind stone walls and in the ruins of houses during the day, and at night walked as fast as they could towards France. One night they saw a great white stone by the roadside and knew they had arrived at last in France and that Paris was not very far away. Then the soldier stood up very tall and straight and took hold of the Princess's hands and looked full into her face and eyes and said to her, "O glorious Princess of Dreams, I must leave you here, for duty calls me to remain in Belgium with my King. You are now safe, for you are standing on French soil, and France ever honors womanhood. Take these ancient jewels that have come to us from some bygone age, use them to secure your safety and your happiness across the seas in the land of Liberty. Some day I shall come to you, O my Lady of Sunshine, my Golden Princess. Wait for me. Goodbye," and he was gone on his knightly quest, and she was left desolate and alone.

Such was the story that the Princess told the little girl out in the war garden in a little town in America. And as they stood

there in the sunshine their long braids of hair gleamed brightly as if masses of pure gold, as if they were turned into solid sunshine! Then what do you suppose happened?

The Princess suddenly cried out, "My soldier boy, he comes to me," and ran to the gate and into the arms of a soldier who came up the street, limping slowly along. For the war was over and the soldier had come across the seas, bringing the treasure with him, to see again the Princess and never to go away again. And as he looked over the little war garden and all the growing plants, and saw how hard the Princess had worked to grow vegetables for the soldiers and poor orphaned children, he said to the Princess, "So long as you and I live, dear Princess with the heart and hair of gold, we will never be without a war garden, in remembrance of our wonderful experiences and preservation."

And they lived happily ever afterwards!

THE POLAR BEAR STORY

Once upon a time, when Marguerite was a little girl, with a long braid of brown hair hanging down her back, Grandpa took her to the long wharf, on the water front, to see a ship that was just going to sail to the far North. It was a curious ship, for it was braced inside with heavy timbers to prevent its being crushed by the ice, and all the portholes had double coverings, and there were extra heaters in the main rooms, and the boat was loaded with a supply of food to last three years. The man who was in charge was a doctor, and he showed Marguerite his coat of fur, coming clear down to his heels, with a cap to cover the head. He had several guns, for he was going where there are great walruses, and Polar bears who are fierce, and afraid of nothing. So the Doctor sailed away, and as the days lengthened, then shortened again into the years, we often thought of him, and wondered how he was getting along. Then one day we read that he had returned, and he came to us and told us something of the wonderful story he had lived since he left us that bright day in Spring.

He sailed to the North, keeping the North star straight before him and watching it rise higher and higher every night until it was almost overhead! There was ice floating on every side, great icebergs a hundred feet above the water, and many hundreds beneath the surface, with long jagged projections on every side, menacing the ships that came too near. The distant land was covered with ice, enormous beds a thousand feet thick, slowly slipping into the sea, until a huge mass would break off to form a new iceberg, the waves caused by its irruption tossing the little ship as if it were an eggshell. So he sailed on and on, farther and farther North, far into the seas of mystery, where the night swallows the day and holds the sun down under its black curtain for months together. Finally the ice grew so thick the boat could hardly move, so the Doctor forced it close under some high cliffs, that he thought would give some protection from the more severe storms of winter,

and there anchored. The next day the ship was frozen in solid, and the men could walk on the ice from the ship to the shore. Then Winter came, and the Storm King rode the clouds of wrath, and besieged them in their wooden castle. The winds blew, the ice cracked and groaned, and rose and fell, the ship began to rise into the air with the pressure of the ice beneath it, the ropes and chains and spars were but thick masses of ice, and it was with difficulty that the men kept even part of the deck clear. The days disappeared entirely and it was all night—the days being counted only by the passing of so many hours of darkness.

In the middle of the Winter, the Doctor said he wanted to make a journey on the land to explore the neighborhood. So he picked out three men to go with him, packed four sleds with food and tents, and off they started, each man also carrying a heavy gun, a revolver, and also a knife in his belt. They marched slowly for hours and hours, stopping only to eat hastily a short meal, for it was very cold, and the wind cut through their clothes. The Doctor was behind, having stopped a moment to examine a curious looking mound, when he heard a shout, and saw two of the men in front disappear through a hole in the ice, where they had broken through into the water. He rushed up to try to help, but could do nothing, as they were gone—forever. Then the Doctor and the other man, the only one left, turned aside to go under the great cliffs at the edge of the land. As they were walking slowly, carefully, laboriously along the shore, the Doctor saw an opening like a door, or a space between two great rocks. So he went into this opening, and found a long narrow passage leading to a great cave. It was quite dark inside, so the Doctor and the man held their lanterns high above their heads, and tried to see what the cave was like. It was so high they couldn't see the roof, so big and dark they couldn't see the walls, and their lights reflected on the points of ice until they gleamed like so many diamonds. All at once they heard a terrible roar, and the Doctor saw the man by his side swept to the floor by a hairy paw, that tore the man's clothes from his body, crushed in his ribs as if paper and tore his side open. The Doctor fired his gun, and by the flash saw it was a white Polar bear, standing nine feet high, a huge and terrible animal gnashing his teeth, and roaring hate and defiance. The bullet struck the bear full in his chest, but didn't stop him, and with a sweep of his long

front leg he tore the rifle from the Doctor's hands, ripped the belt and coat off, sending the knife clattering far away into the darkness, and knocking the poor Doctor several feet away, where he fell on the floor unconscious, bleeding, torn and wounded—in the midst of a crashing burst of sound, as if a thunderbolt had struck near them. When the Doctor opened his eyes it was dark, he ached all over, and when he tried to rise he found he couldn't. He felt of his side, and found it covered with frozen moisture that he knew must be blood, he was so cold his teeth were chattering, and for a moment, he thought he was really dead. But he was strong and brave, and after a few moments he managed to light a match, and then he saw what had happened. The great bear lay sprawled out dead under a mass of ice. Evidently the concussion of the gun, when fired, had dislodged the ice from the roof, and it fell just as the bear struck the Doctor, and knocked him far enough away to save his life!

The Doctor slowly crawled outside the cave, out into the blackness of the night, and lay there on the snow, suffering, not knowing how he could return to the ship alone. But just then the Northern Lights streamed up from the horizon, the beautiful Aurora Borealis, great flashing banners of light, so gloriously brilliant that it was as if all the gods had met in high wassail and carnival within the sacred hall of Valhalla, and were skylarking, each with an enormous searchlight before him flashing upon the starry field of Heaven. The light showed to the Doctor the ship far off. He managed to crawl close to the cliff side, then, by climbing the wall with his hands, to get upon his feet, and staggered painfully and uncertainly along. After many hours of weary heart-breaking travel, he reached the side of the ship and fell fainting, his cry bringing the men at once to his side. When he told his story, several of the men went at once to the cave. There they found the man and the bear, both dead, and in a corner of the cave a little baby white bear, a cunning little cub. So when they returned to the ship, they took the little bear with them, as well as the skin of the mother bear. But just as they returned to the ship, a great storm burst upon them, the ice piled up by the ship higher, and higher, and finally the end of the ship was forced up so high that the ship fell over on its side, caught fire and burned up. Then there was nothing to do

but to load up the sleds with food, and start to walk down the coast more than a thousand miles, to a place where the whalers came in Summer. The story of that dreadful journey is too long to tell here. But most of them, including the Doctor, finally reached the whalers'haven and were brought back to Boston, bringing the little white baby bear with them. The Doctor came out to Twin Oaks to see Marguerite, and the little white bear cub frolicked and played over the lawn just like a big dog! The Doctor wanted Marguerite to keep him, but she said no, he would grow up into a terrible great fierce bear as high as the room, and she wouldn't want him around. That he ought to be put in a Zoo where all little children could see him, yet be kept safely. So the Doctor said he would do it, and afterward he did do it, as the bear is now at the Zoo in Franklin Park, and has grown to be nearly ten feet high when he stands up! You can go there some day and see him and see what a tremendously big bear that little cub has become.

THE GRIZZLY BEAR STORY

One day in the Fall of the year, Grandpa went with a smelt fishing party of the Chile Club in Hull Harbor near the Hospital. They had a very interesting trip and five of them caught 15 dozen smelt. One of the party was Col. Reber, who is now in France in charge of the Signal Department of the American Army. This is one of the stories he told.

Several years ago when the Colonel was in the West, fighting the Indians under Gen. Nelson A. Miles (who was his father-in-law), he decided to take a vacation and go hunting for bear. So he asked for ten days' leave, took a guide with him who knew the country, and started for the Mountains some fifty miles away from the camp. They carried on their horses supplies for several days and had a good trip across the plain. Then they came to the foothills and farther on the road wound its way up the side of a long canon, climbing higher and higher above the stream below. When they were very nearly at the top, where the road was very narrow, cut from the rock on a projecting point with the valley lying beneath some 2000 feet, the Colonel, who was ahead, met suddenly an enormous grizzly bear! The trail was very narrow, there was no room for either to pass. The bear growled, the horse, frightened, rose straight up on his hind legs and turned around while his forefeet were in the air! The bear jumped forward, hitting the horse so hard that everybody, horse, man and bear, went over the edge. The horse tried to save himself, so his forefeet remained on the edge, the Colonel was thrown from the saddle but, with remarkable quickness and presence of mind, caught hold of the horse's tail as he fell; the bear, with his paws entangled in the Colonel's coat tail, was pulled over the edge and hung dangling in the air! So there they were, the horse holding by his front feet, the Colonel hanging to the horse's tail, and the bear hanging to the Colonel's coat tail! It was a rather embarrassing position for the Colonel, so he at once proceeded to get busy. Letting go of the horse's tail with one

hand, but still holding on with the other, he carefully drew his sheath knife from his belt and, reaching behind him, cut off his coat tail, so that the bear dropped into the valley, with a dull and muffled thud. Then, as the Colonel naïvely stated, using a trick well known to all cowboys, he jumped up into his saddle, where of course it was very easy, and a matter of a few moments, so to encourage and guide his horse that he was able to regain the trail safely.

Returning by the road and proceeding up the canon along the bank of the stream, the Colonel found the bear where he had fallen. He removed the skin very carefully, had it properly cured, and still has it as a rug in his sitting room at Scituate.

THE BLACK BEAR STORY

Once upon a time, little Martha with the golden hair went with her Grandpa to the Zoo. All the way she was telling him that she wanted most of all to see the monkeys, and perhaps an elephant, but she did want to see the little cunning monkeys. So when they arrived at the big Zoological Garden, and went in through the wide arched gate, Martha ran ahead just as fast as she could, trying to find the monkey cage! But there were so many cages and so many animals to see she couldn't help stopping to look at them. One was a yellow haired, fierce mountain lion, walking, walking, walking to and fro all the time in his cage. Then an armadillo in his queer coat of mail, and some tiny white mice that Martha couldn't keep her eyes off. A very large cage had an African lion, with his shaggy head, a very dangerous looking beast. Behind a fence of logs was a horned rhinoceros, his horn sticking out of his nose all ready to tear anything he could reach. In the muddy pond were some hippopotami buried deep down in the mud with only the end of the nose sticking out of the water, so that flies couldn't bite them. Then all at once there was a trumpeting noise and several elephants came along, while Martha ran to Grandpa. Each elephant had a box on his back and the boxes were full of little children all having a ride. But Martha thought she would rather walk!

So Martha and Grandpa walked until they were tired, looking at all kinds of birds, snakes, butterflies, bugs and animals, when suddenly they saw the bear dens directly in front of them, and then Martha almost screamed out with delight, for there was a big Polar bear, pure white, with very heavy long fur, trying to keep cool on a hot day. In the next den there was a great brown ugly grizzly bear, so big he had to have an extra big cage, but when one of the visitors threw an apple to him he turned and ran to the edge of the den so quickly that everybody jumped back very much afraid. It showed how very quick the big bear was in his movements and how dangerous he would be to meet.

There was also a huge cinnamon bear, almost as big and fierce as the grizzly and several smaller brown bears, all walking endlessly up and down—up and down—up and down. But suddenly Martha cried out to look at the cunningest little bear of all, a black bear cub, looking no bigger than a dog. Martha thought he was a perfect little dear, and wanted to climb in and play with him, he looked so tempting and pretty and soft. There was a boy standing by the cage and Martha asked him if he knew about the bear. He said yes, he knew all about the little bear, for he caught him! Then Martha was very excited and asked him all about it, and where he found him, and how he found him, and how he caught him, &c. This is what the boy told her—the story of the little cunning black bear.

The boy, whose name was Jack, lived at a small lumber camp far back in the very heart of the Rocky Mountains, many, many miles away from the railroad and any town. His father was a lumberman, and was gone all day out in the woods, so Jack was left to himself a good deal of the time. He built a dam across a little brook that came bubbling down the hill close by his father's cabin, and then put in a wheel that the water turned, and kept turning, over and over all the time, day and night. Then he tried to dig a tunnel into the hill so as to have a Pirate's Cave, like Marguerite's, but after he dug in a few inches, he came to solid rock that he couldn't do anything with, for he had no dynamite to work with. So then he took down his father's gun and went out into the woods to hunt. As he was walking slowly along by the side of the little brook, away up on the mountain he saw a very beautiful flower growing just on the side, where the ferns were thick and the Impatience and Monkey flower and Nightshade were all massed together. But as he climbed on a rock to reach over and pick the flower, he jumped up so quickly that he slipped on the wet mossy rock and went into the pool all over, for a bee had stung him on one finger. When he came out of the water, sputtering and gasping and shaking the water out of his hair, he had to go under the water again very quickly, for the air was full of angry bees. So he swam under water to the other side, where he climbed over behind a big boulder and out onto the bank. But he was curious to know what made the bees so angry. So he crept around behind the bushes until he was quite close to the big angry mass of flying

bees. Then he saw that they were flying in and out of a big hole in an old tree by the water's edge. As he looked closely, he saw that the hole was all daubed over with honey, and there were lines of honey down the back of the tree and on the rocks at its foot. So then he knew just what had happened! A bear had found the honey tree, had climbed up and put his hairy paw into the hole and pulled out the honey, eating it as fast as he could, for bears are extravagantly fond of honey. The bees flew around him, trying to sting him, but his heavy fur was too thick and they couldn't reach him. By and by he had all he wanted so climbed down the tree, with his nose and fur and paws all sticky with the honey!

Jack decided to follow the bear's tracks, which he could easily do, for the bear dripped honey all along the way, so Jack followed the bear over the hill and down into a valley, then across another hill into a long canon, then far up the canon to a high ledge of rocks. Jack climbed the rocks very slowly, because he thought that perhaps the bear had his home nearby. And sure enough, all at once he saw an opening in the ledge, leading into a cave and the bear's honey tracks led right into the cave! But Jack was a brave boy, so holding his gun very carefully before him, he crawled very slowly and quietly into the mouth of the cave, a narrow place between two rocks. Way back in the darkness of the cave, Jack saw two fiery blazing eyes, so he fired straight at them. The roar of the gun filled the cave, and there was also another roar as the bear rose to his feet and started for Jack, only to fall over—dead. Then Jack skinned the bear and while he was working over it he felt something brush his leg. Looking down in the dim light, Jack saw it was a little baby bear, the cutest, most cunning, darling, little bear cub you ever saw! So he picked up the cub, took the skin of the old bear, and went home to his father, who told him he was a very brave boy.

This was the story Jack told Martha, who was delighted. Then Martha and Grandpa went away, going past a great cage full of monkeys, but Martha was too tired even to look at them, for her head was nodding on Grandpa's shoulder.



THE HAVANA DOLL

On Board S. S. Morro Castle

At Sea Nov. 23, 1919

Below Hatteras

Dear Martha Elizabeth,

While your Uncle Charlie and I were walking along one of the narrow little streets in Old Havana, a street so old that very likely some of the famous old-time pirates may have walked through it, as we were admiring the beautiful scroll design of the iron work doors on the fronts of the houses, we were startled to hear a cry of "Fire!" "Fire!" "Fire!" and to smell smoke coming from one of the houses on the street. We rushed to the door, but it was heavy scrolled iron and barred on the inside. The windows were covered, too, with iron bars, so we could not get in. The cries increased, smoke and flame poured out, a crowd gathered, whistles blew, men called and shouted and the whole district was in an uproar. Finally a woman in a nearby house opened her door to see the fire better, and we rushed in to the rear. There we found a garden surrounded by high walls. We climbed the wall and dropped into another garden all laid out in flower beds with a fountain playing in the centre, and birdcages hanging from posts. The door into the burning house was locked, but we broke it down, and plunged into the swirling smoke masses pouring out. We groped our way along, for we could hear the cries ahead of us, but growing fainter. The flames were eating at the doors, black smoke filled the halls, we saw flashes of flame through the darkness. We fell over half burned chairs that crumbled as we touched them, we stumbled on a long upholstered lounge smouldering red; we stepped on pictures burned from the walls, and draperies still burning as they lay on the floors. In a room near the front we groped through the burning doorway, throwing the broken door in front of us. The faint cries for help led us to the farther corner, where we felt all around, but could find nothing. Finally we lifted an empty

water pail, and there was a Spanish doll, still calling, crying, and sobbing. We carried her out to the garden, and the fresh air soon brought her around. While the house burned to the walls, and the firemen who had now come worked on the ruins, the doll told us her story. She was the same doll we saw on the boat! It seems she was alone in the house and was taking a little siesta, when the cat tried to pull the parrot out of its cage. Naturally the parrot didn't like it, so grabbed the cat's tail with his beak, and bit as hard as he could. Then the cat, startled and frightened, ran, dragging the parrot in his cage after him. They ran around the room bumping into tables and chairs, finally upsetting a tall lamp, which set fire to the room. The doll woke up, screamed, then ran under the water pail, and pulled it over her head to keep the smoke out! But the cat and the parrot were both burned. The doll said her name was Esperanza Bianca Eugenie Carmelita Lolita Ramona Sanchez! As the poor little doll had lost her home and all her clothes, except those she had on, we invited her to visit your doll house. So we bought her a hat and brought her along. It may take her a little while to get accustomed to your ways, for she speaks Spanish and French only. She is learning to speak English and can say "Mamma" now.

I am sure you will soon learn to love her, and will help her to forget her terrible experience in her burning Havana home.

She says she once worked in a milliner's store in Paris, so we went out and found one all set up and ready to use, which we brought along. I think she can easily earn her board by selling hats to your other dolls!

THE DRYAD

For Martha Elizabeth,
At Sea on way to Havana,
Nov. 15, 1919.

There was once a young man of exalted mind who so loved the beautiful in nature that he gave his life to its pursuit. He gloried in lofty mountains, he rejoiced in the vast wilderness of silence where Nature still rules supreme, he loved flowers and birds and beautiful trees and lived all his life in the open air under the blue sky of Heaven.

One day in his wandering in vain search of the unattainable, he found himself in a narrow valley among the mountains—a gurgling brook was at his feet, he heard the soft call of the quail in the nearby wood, the air was still, the whole land vibrant with the mystery of life. Looking up to the top of the mountain above, he saw a great tree that dominated its whole vicinity with its massive grandeur. Its immensity, its loneliness, its unaccustomed position all added to its potent lure. He slowly climbed the heights, stopping at times to admire the increasing vistas and panoramas of views, until at last he stood by the side of the great tree. Then he marvelled at its enormous size, betokening a hoary age, and was impressed anew by the sweep of its branches and its graceful contour. He felt himself drawn by an irresistible attraction to the tree—a feeling he was unable to understand. He decided to camp under the tree, and after a few days its spell so entranced him that he resolved to build a cabin and live under its grateful shade. So after many days he was living in a small bungalow made of logs, with the spaces between filled with clay which soon dried. Every evening he watched the sunset from his seat under the tree, and every evening found him more and more in love with the tree.

Impelled by his strange fascination, he wrote poems to the tree which he placed upon its trunk, and often addressed it in terms of

passionate adoration. One evening as the setting sun, a glowing ball of fire in the west, touched the distant line of hills, he saw a shadowy, indistinct figure by the tree, which he watched carefully, only to see it fade away as the last flaming segment of the dying sun sank below the horizon. Evening after evening he watched for the shadowy figure, which he soon learned was that of the tutelary dryad of the tree. He learned also that she could only appear at sunset and during the few minutes of the sun's setting. As its edge touched the hills her doors were unlocked and she came out of the tree, only to be forced to return as the last rays glinted across the distant mountains. So he learned to listen and to wait for her, and to prize these few stolen moments above all the rest of the day's golden hours. He loved her, and he told her so, asking, begging, entreating, commanding her to come to him, only to be met with her invariable reply that her life was the tree's, that she must live and die with it; that the tree would die were she to leave it and she would inevitably die with the tree. He vainly implored her to leave the tree, but she answered that her duty was to the tree and her reward life immortal among the blessed.

The young man grew frantic in his protestations and demands and finally lost his head entirely, for one evening as she came to him with the sinking sun, he seized her in his arms and held her until after the last golden ray of sunshine had long since faded into gray darkness. That night a storm arose, thunder rolled over the mountains and lightning flashed incessantly. The wind moaned and whined louder and sharper, the cabin rocked, the great tree wrenched at its centuries-old roots. The moaning of the storm increased, a flash of bright and terrible lightning struck the tree and tore it apart, and with a crash of wrath and despair it fell across the cabin, sweeping and crushing, so that tree and cabin and all within went hurtling over the edge of the chasm into the silence of the depths far below. So died the tree when the dryad died, so died the dryad with the tree, so died the man who had broken the law.

THE ROSE AND THE VIOLET

For Martha Elizabeth

At Sea, off Nassau, Nov. 15, 1919.

Once upon a time a little girl, with golden hair, lived in a great house with a beautiful garden. This garden was full of flowers of all kinds, and the fountain in its centre sprayed the beds around it with grateful impartiality. Far down in the corner where the haughty rose bushes kept their aristocratic isolation, the little girl planted a bed of violets close to the overhanging rose bushes, digging in the rich soil and patting down the little hills where the violet seeds waited. The rose bushes were indignant at this intrusion, and their branches swayed, and quivered in the breezes, as they voiced their injuries, and sympathized with each other. They said it was a shame to plant such humble little plants as violets in the rich soil intended for their sole use, that the violet had no odor, was a very common flower, even at times growing wild in the woods, and it was necessary to put a great many in a big bunch to make them of any value, while they, the roses, were of royal blood, brought up in hothouses, carefully selected after many graftings; that a single rose was more imposing in its beauty than a whole bunch of violets, while the perfume made from crushed rose leaves was used by queens and princesses for its exquisite qualities. The tiny violets, hiding deep in the earth, heard all this and trembled at the thought of thrusting their heads into the view of the arrogant rose beauties. But the warm rains came, the sunshine invited them, and they grew so fast that very soon they found their stems rising above the ground, each with its tiny flower folded in it. They didn't dare look up to the roses, but hugged close to the ground in the sheltering shade of the great stalks of the rose bushes towering high above them.

Then the rose bushes whispered together, and agreed to lean towards each other, so as to make a heavy shade over the little violet

bed, that no sunshine might reach it and thus slowly starve it to its death. But the rose bushes forgot, or perhaps didn't know, that the timid violet loves the shade, and cannot live in the glare of the hot midday sun, so by their action in shading the violet bed they really saved the violets' lives, and gave them the chance to live and grow, and thrive in a wonderful way. The little girl came often to see her new flower bed, and the growing violets always turned their sweet faces toward her. But she was afraid of the great thorny rose stems, for they tore her clothes and caught her fingers until she cried. So the days went by, and Spring merged gradually into Summer. Roses covered the high bushes, long-stemmed white and gold and scarlet beauties, adorned with all the glorious brilliant magnificence of color, and form, and delicious perfume for which roses have been cherished for thousands of years.

Then one of the ladies at the great house was given a ball, and the gardens were called on to furnish their best for the decorations. The palms were carried into the ball room and placed around the walls, flowers were put everywhere in riotous profusion. Ferns bordered the platforms, and bouquets were placed in every room for the guests. The proud lady of the house ordered the gardener to bring her the fairest of his roses, for her special use, and he went to the garden corner and looked carefully over all the roses. They all smiled on him, bent to him, smirked and preened themselves, opening their petals just a little so as to give him a glimpse of the hidden treasures. Each wanted to be chosen, each leaned over and trembled in its eagerness to attract his attention. The leaves rustled, the roses blushed and sighed, and the rose petals reflected the bright rays of the sun, and their perfume filled the air. All awaited with such eager expectancy the summons that meant, to them, the supreme glory of adulation, the ecstatic bliss of being chosen as the most beautiful of their race, to be praised, to be envied, to be placed for a brief moment on a pinnacle of glory. They had no thought for the modest violets beneath them, no care as to what became of them, they thought only of themselves and their beauty. The violets modestly bowed their heads before the splendor of the roses, and marvelled as they saw and realized their envy and rancor and evil pride in their arrogance of physical beauty.

The gardener, unseeing, chose a stately blossom, all in red, its petals blood-rich in their opulence of color, its long stem stretch-

ing a full yard towards the sky. The chosen one held herself high as she was borne to the house, and the exclamations of delight, of wondering praise, of pleasure in her superb and surpassing beauties, were as balm to her shallow soul. The Lady of the House, disdainful of other ornament, fastened the lovely rose at her belt and went to receive her guests. A few moments of joy, of overweening pride was granted to the rose, then came disaster, ruin and disgrace. For a chance quick movement by the hostess broke the stem of the queenly rose short off near the blossom, and with a motion that expressed surfeit, disdain, displeasure at loss, and careless disregard for the beautiful flower all in one, she tossed the broken rose on the floor to be trodden on, kicked about, despised, contemned, spurned on every side, cast aside as worthless. Thrown out in the morning among the refuse, the brilliant color of the fading petals caught the eye of a poor waiting woman, who picked it up, smoothed it out, cut away the broken stem and withering leaves and put the despised and humbled rose into a glass of water.

Meanwhile the little girl, barred from the festivities, wandered at will through the flower bordered paths of the great garden. She came to the rose garden, and saw the proud roses all bending their buds low, their stems parted to let the sunshine light up the small violet bed at their feet. With a cry of pleasure the little girl kneeled to put her face down to the pretty nodding graceful flowers, forgetting all about the thorn protected arrogant roses above her. She picked a little bunch of the violets, cool and fresh as the dew of morning, and went slowly by the great entrance door of the house, where her mother was standing at the foot of the staircase, in all the magnificence of her position. She saw the little girl, saw also the shy shrinking beauties of the violets she held, and at once called to her to give her the violets, to use in place of the broken rose she had thrown away. The little girl gladly gave her mother the violets, and she placed them in her belt, where their sweet retiring grace and innocence won many favorable notices during the evening. After the ball was over, the Lady of the House took out the bunch of violets from her belt, kissed them, said a sweet good night to them, and placed them in a rare vase of gold. And when, after many days, the rose in the servant's garret and the violets in the vase of gold in the palace, withered and died, they were taken out in the garden and laid on the rock pile together. So in death they

were not divided. And together the souls of the two, the proud and the humble, the aristocrat of the garden and the flower of the wild woods, the arrogant princess of the blood and the modest maid, the rose and the violet were wafted through the azure to the throne of God,—their souls uniting and intermingling in humbleness, in praise and thanksgiving for the gift of life immortal.

THE STORY OF THE LEAF

Once upon a time a great oak tree upon the lawn, at Twin Oaks, began slowly to send its sap into its branches, to liven them so the leaves would bud and blossom out, little soft fragile spires, red and gray and yellow. A little later the leaf began to take form and substance, a tender bit of green, yet assuming the unmistakable shape of a black oak leaf. Of course the great tree, hoary from the frosts of many autumns, had many branches and each branch numberless leaves, but we will speak of a single leaf, that grew at the end of a large branch hanging far out over the lawn towards the house. She was apparently only an ordinary leaf, but she was a very vain leaf, and considered herself the most wonderful, beautiful, perfectly formed leaf that ever adorned a noble oak. So, as the leaf swayed slowly in the soft winds of the Spring-time, she spread herself out like a peacock, that the sunshine might illumine the whole of her surface. She grew prouder and prouder of herself, for the sunshine began to form a gloss on the leaf, so she turned and preened herself, and looked down on all the other leaves, as if they were inferior.

Then one day a strange thing happened. Far down on the tree the little leaf saw one of the leaves begin to shed its radiant coat and to grow thin and lean, until the fibres, like bones, showed as a skeleton without flesh or beauty. The little leaf shuddered, for she knew something dreadful had happened and that she had seen the dying of a leaf. The rustling leaves told her that an army of little green worms had attacked the tree and were eating the leaves, so that soon none would be left. They were helpless and hopeless, for there was nothing they could do. If a leaf tried to break away when first a worm crawled upon it, it found it almost impossible to break the hold, and later, when dying, if it were able to break away, it meant only that the despairing leaf floated to the ground with the worm still fastened to it unhurt. The little leaf, high upon the oak, watched daily the advancing wave of death sweeping from leaf

to leaf, branch to branch. Already cloudy white nests of filagree joined the bare branches together, and the tree seemed doomed to die. The little leaf, so proud of her beauty, so happy in her young life, so brilliant in the sheen of her glistening surface, grew nearly frantic in her terror and despair. Daily the dead leaves fell, leaving the tree bare as if blasted by disease. The worms fed, and climbed higher and higher, and all the lower part of the old tree was lifeless. Then one day the terrible end came. A little green worm crawling slowly down the great branch saw the beautiful leaf at the end, and at once came to her and began to cross on the under side. The little leaf gave a shudder, then with deliberate self-sacrifice began to shake herself as hard as she could, trying to tear away from the tree to go floating down to death. In that moment the soul of the leaf shone white and clear. She forgot all her vain imaginings, forgot her beauty, and her grace of form, and became a heroine of romance, ready to give up life to repel the invader. So she twisted and squirmed, and shook, and shivered until by some fortunate accident the worm was shaken from its clinging hold and fell, turning endlessly, far to the ground. The little leaf could hardly believe it, but surely the worm was gone, and the only evidence of his recent presence was a long scar across the under leaf, that later turned to a faint gold—a visible symbol of abiding honor.

The next day came the tree sprayers, and the worms were caught and fell by thousands. But the little leaf had saved herself, and, save for the faint fading line of gold, was as beautiful as ever. But she was no longer a proud and haughty beauty, she was only a leaf, trying to do her duty and to help to save the old tree that had been so cruelly abused.

The summer passed and in the air was a chill that spoke of the fast coming winter. The tree had put forth a new dress of green leaves and was again its old self. The little leaf felt the kiss of the North Wind and her soul expanded in beauty. The emerald sheen turned to brilliant scarlet, with browns outlining the delicate network of veins, and the under side turned to gold, almost concealing the faint track which now became a golden brown, a line of beauty across the golden wealth of color. So the leaf became wonderfully beautiful, and joy sang in her heart all the day. Then one day the little golden-haired daughter of the house in cross-

ing the lawn, caught sight of the vision of beauty and threw up her hands to it, crying out that it was so pretty she wanted it. Her father brought a long ladder, and carefully picked the splendid leaf, full of rich color to every spreading point. The mission of the leaf was done, she had lived her life in honor, now after death she was immortalized.

The little girl kept the bright colored leaf in the glass edge by her bureau for many, many years, for the coloring never died. So, through self-sacrifice, the little leaf gained both true beauty and kindly recognition, in grateful tribute to that beauty, in the loving heart of the little golden haired girl. And across the leaf still shows faintly the streak of brown on the gold, now become a radiant line of beauty, a bar of service, of martyrdom, of honor.

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